

FUNNY FOLKS

"No," he said decidedly, "woman should not have the ballot."
"Why not?" she demanded.
"Because of her uselessness in case of a conflict. The one who votes should also be of service when it comes to fighting."

"I should think," she returned thoughtfully, "that woman might be of value in putting patches on the seat of war."

Thus again was woman's resourcefulness in argument demonstrated.—Chicago Post.

Still a Chance for Him.
"So you reject me!" the young lawyer said, rather bitterly. "I wonder if it would do any good to appeal the case to your father?"

She shook her head.
"There is no appeal from my decision," she replied. "I am what you call the court of last resort."

"But I cannot give up the case in this way!" he exclaimed.
She dug the sand with the point of her parasol.

"Mr. Braxton," she said, softly, "might you not ask for a new trial?"—Chicago Tribune.

Push and Pull.
Politician—My boy, the door to every successful business is labeled "Push."
Thoughtful Youth—Isn't your business a successful one, sir?

Politician—Well, yes, I flatter myself that it is very successful. Why do you ask that?
Thoughtful Youth—Because, sir, I see your door is labeled "Pull."—Tit-Bits.

Affection.
Though he asks her: "Wilt thou be my wife?"
And not another thing.
This daisies hems and haws as if she were being asked to sing.
—Detroit Journal.

SHE KNEW HIM.
Flossie—They say she drove her husband to drink?
Mabel—She wouldn't have to use a whip!—Ally Sloper.

Just Because.
A woman may talk until she is sick.
In a manner to raise quite a ruckus;
But she can't hit a hen with a brick.
Because of her general construction.
—Chicago Daily News.

How He Got It.
"Did you ever get religion?" asked the revivalist.
"Well, I should say so—138 pounds of it," replied the man.

"A hundred and thirty-eight pounds of religion!" cried the revivalist. "How did you get that?"
"The only way that a good many men ever get religion," was the reply, "I married it."—Chicago Post.

In Glass Jars.
"It is rumored that the pure food crackers are after the Chicago packers," said the first Texas steer, "to have them put their beef up in glass instead of tins, hereafter."

"Well?" remarked the second steer, indifferently.
"Well, wouldn't that jar you?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Modern Wizard.
Mr. Crimmonbeak—Did you notice that new bonnet Mrs. Yeast had on to-day?

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—How do you know it was a new one?
"Because Yeast contemplated getting a new hat, and I see he's wearing the same old one."—Yonkers Statesman.

Romance of Fate.
And when first they saw each other
'Twas the end of their whole career.
For the matchless man had met his match.
And the peerless girl her peer.
—Chicago Tribune.

HER IDEA OF IT.
Miss—Ouch! What's that. I told you to apply cold cream to my neck.
Nora—Well, an' isn't this ice cream?
—Chicago Daily News.

A Female Paradox.
Tess—She's awfully nervous, isn't she?
Jess—My goodness, yes. She has no nerves at all.—Philadelphia Press.

A mountain farmer of New Hampshire, whose wife had died from epilepsy, received a visit of condolence from a neighbor, an eminent physician, who had a summer home in the vicinity. After sympathizing with him on the death of his spouse, the doctor asked regarding the symptoms, concluding with the question:
"Did you ever notice, Mr. Z., whether your wife ground her teeth in sleep?"

"No, no," responded the mountaineer, "I don't think she ever slept in them."—N. Y. Tribune.

The Baby.
Only a tiny bundle of love
That the wisest impulses wakes—
A mite that the fairies brought from above,
But, great what a noise it makes!
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HAPPY AMERICA.
Cholly—Oh, Birdie! I'm glad we don't live in a country where girls' fathers wear shoes like those!—Chicago Daily News.

Her Prerogative.
She was a woman and denied
The right to murmur what she thought.
But she could sit there dreamy-eyed
And utter signs that told a lot.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Neglectful of His Opportunities.
"They say he's rather dull," suggested the girl in blue.
"Oh, dull is no name for it," replied the girl in white. "Why, after I had incidentally mentioned to him that there wasn't a soul within hearing he actually refrained from kissing me because I said I would scream if he did."—Chicago Post.

Side Lights on History.
"It was a lucky thing for me, perhaps," remarked Daniel, referring to the matter some time afterward, "that it was only a piece of rather blind handwriting that Belshazzar wanted me to decipher. If it had been a physician's prescription I venture it would have floored me!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Sum of It.
A sky that bends above you
With bright stars shining true;
A tender heart to love you
And who's as rich as you?
—Atlanta Constitution.

A BLOODLESS WOUND.
Kitty—Is your wound sore, Mr. Pup?
Mr. Pup—Wound! What wound?
Kitty—Why, sister said she cut you at the dinner last night!—Punch.

Appointments.
Yes, I'm the man who's always late.
And without shame the fact I state;
For well I know, and so do you,
The man I meet will be late, too.
—Chicago Record.

Cook Forget Himself.
Regular Customer (to waiter)—As an old customer, I generally have two slices of beef, and to-day you have brought me only one.
Waiter (with a look of surprise)—By the powers, you are right! The cook must have forgotten to cut it in two.—Tit-Bits.

Retort Courteous.
"Really—er—" stammered the gossip, who had been caught red-handed.
"I'm afraid you overheard what I said about you. Perhaps—er—I was a bit too severe."

"Oh, no," replied the other woman, "you weren't nearly as severe as you would have been if you knew what I think of you."—Philadelphia Press.

Feminine Economy.
"Why do you carry your purse in your hand?"
"Principles of economy. If a thief made a snatch at my pocket, thinking to find it there, he would probably tear my skirt. If he snatched it out of my hand, he would find exactly five cents, a thimble and a receipted bill."—Town Topics.

His Dying Request.
"And now," said the Fiji chief to the Boston missionary, "have you anything to request before we proceed with the ceremony?"
"Only this," replied the missionary, "please put a few beans in the pot with me."—Harlem Life.

A SLOW RACE.

Oxen Ridden by Their Owners Without Whips, Spur, Yoke or Harness.

A race that in a peculiar sense is not to the swift is one that is run—if the word may be allowed in such a connection—every year in the provincial districts of Germany, says Youth's Companion.

Early in May, during the celebration of a festival that to a certain extent corresponds to the English May day, an ox-race is held. The entrance fee is small, but the conditions are peculiar.

Each ox must be ridden by its owner, and ridden bareback. No whip, spur, yoke, harness nor any means of guiding the animal is allowed. The rider must depend entirely on his voice to accomplish the end he has in view, and, as the oxen do not race on a track, but across a large open field, the training of the animals and the skill of the rider are severely tested.

Speed is a secondary consideration in this race, for the rider who can induce his steed to go in a straight line is sure to win.

The start is made at one side of a field a mile square, the finish being at the opposite side. When the competitors are lined up and the signal is given the fun begins.

Despite the efforts of the riders, the majority of the oxen refuse to head toward the opposite mark, and, as spectators are allowed in the field, and are at liberty to do anything they wish to interfere with the rider except touch him or his mount, the difficulties of the race are not inconsiderable.

Oxen are not excitable beasts as a rule, but the shouts of the spectators and the efforts of the riders soon reduce them to a state of complete bewilderment. It often happens that an hour has passed before one of the oxen is ridden "under the wire."

But when once the task is accomplished the winning rider is fully repaid for his pains. His ox is decorated with garlands and flowers, and the lucky owner receives a small money prize.

But the honor which the victory brings is the great thing. Winning riders are remembered for years, and it frequently happens that when a peasant refers to some past event, he recalls it to the mind of his listener not by mentioning the date when it took place, but by saying it was in the year when So-and-so won the ox-race.

HARD SOAP.
Directions for Making a Good Article for Household Use.

The best hard soap we know of is made of a pound can of pure potash, five pounds of grease, tried out and strained, one tablespoonful of pulverized borax, five cents' worth of "rock" ammonia and one quart of soft water. If you have no soft water, catch rain water for the purpose. The mixture is very hard and muddy, as the waters of the Mississippi are, a certain amount of potash or sal soda should be stirred into the water. It will dissolve at once. This will cause the mud and impurities to settle. The clear water can then be dipped off the sediment.

Any good hard soap will do well in this water. The amount of potash to use to a gallon of hard, muddy water to clear it in the way described depends on the condition of the water. Use a tablespoonful of the crystals of potash to a gallon of water, says the New York Tribune.

To make the soap, empty the pound of potash in a quart of water in which a teaspoonful of borax has been dissolved. The potash will make a strong, hot lye. When it is cool melt the five pounds of grease ready. It must be free from salt, and strained. Stir the five cents' worth of rock ammonia in the lye, and when it is melted pour the lye into the warm, melted grease and stir it for about ten minutes, when it will be thick enough to pour into molds. It hardens very quickly. Crease it when it has stood a day and cut it into bars as soon as it seems hard enough, and let them dry several days before trying to use them. More sal soda must be used to soften and settle than potash. Too much of either is very bad for clothes, as everyone should know, but where the water is hard it is necessary to use some such powerful alkali to render it fit for use, and in such water it does not do the same injury to clothes it does in soft water, where it is not needed.

BITS OF FEMININITY.
Various Adjuncts to the Latest Costumes That Find Favor with the Ladies.

Double-breasted coats will be more in vogue than the single-breasted ones, says a fashion paper.

Some of the prettiest of the new cloth gowns are strapped with fine kid or suede.

Real lace overdresses and corsage drapes have motifs of printed panne worked in gold or pearls let in.

The Aiglon capes are a whim of the season. Some are made full length, with a quantity of shoulder-capes. Others are half-length and most lavishly trimmed.

Circular flounces the same width all around are seen on nearly all of the cloth skirts. They flare gracefully around the lower edge and give a very stylish air to one's gown.

Baked Rice.
To bake rice, add a cupful of milk and two well-beaten eggs to two cupfuls of cold boiled rice. Beat gently with a fork to free from all lumps, season with salt and pepper, and, if liked, a dash of nutmeg. Turn into a buttered dish and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven. This is a good luncheon dish or a dinner vegetable served with boiled mutton or chicken.—Boston Budget.

CURE FOR OVERWORK.

It Was a Severe One But It Proved to Be Profitable in the End

"I used to be one of those chaps who try to kill themselves with overwork," said a hale and hearty business man of 60-odd years, relates the Washington Star, "but before I had quite accomplished a fatal termination, as so many of my brethren have done and are doing, I found I was injuring my business by it and quit."

"How can a man injure his business by devoting himself to it completely?" asked a tired-looking party. "That is preposterous."

"Is it?" smiled the hale and hearty man.

"Well, listen a moment, and when you have heard, maybe you will feel called upon to think it not so excessively preposterous as it seems. Thirty years ago, at which time I had built up a business that was worth \$10,000 a year to me, I was so overworked that I was almost a shadow. My digestion and my nerves were gone, I could scarcely sleep, and the little spells of rest I took when my wife and the doctor forced me to do it were of no use at all. Lord knows how long I would have stood it, but the business was growing and I was making more money every day, and I seemed to think that that was justification for the loss of everything else save honor. I had one big manufacturing firm whose president threw into my hands yearly contracts that brought me at least half my profits, and I was about to receive one that would net me \$25,000 and greatly increase the yearly business. The president had been a friend of my father's, and it was on this account that he had given me first chance at his work, other things being equal. I had not seen him for a couple of years, and just before awarding the big contract he wrote to me to come to the city where he lived to talk the matter over. I worked harder than ever to get everything up before taking four or five days out of a busy time, and rode at night to the city. I was at his office when he got there, and by Jove, he didn't know me."

"My dear boy," he said, when I told him who I was, "you are killing yourself with overwork. I know all the symptoms, and I know a dozen men who have gone just the way you are going."

"Oh, I guess not," I laughed. "I may be working pretty hard, but I'm young and have a good constitution, and I think I can stand it."

"He was a testy old fellow, and he argued with me until he lost his temper."

"I tell you, Fred," he said at last, "I know what I'm talking about, and I will not be a party to your self-destruction. You've got more work than you can do already, and I'll give that contract to me, and give them, besides, one-half of the business I've been letting you have. That will give you a good deal less to do, and when you have pulled yourself together again, and given that good constitution of yours a chance, I'll see what we can do for you."

"Well, it almost took my breath away, but he was not to be moved to a reconsideration, and I went back home without the contract. I suppose I might have worked harder than ever to get other business, but the old gentleman's method of getting at me brought me to my senses, and I concluded that when a man was working so hard he was injuring his business probably it was time for him to take a rest. And take a rest I did, for a whole year. I worked, of course, but without crowding things, and when I went to see the president to have a talk with him about a larger contract than ever he didn't know me again, I was so much improved in appearance, and when I told him who I was he not only gave me the work, but insisted on my taking him out to a champagne dinner as a fee for his medical advice."

WHERE DEW COMES FROM.
It Is Evaporated by the Heat of the Earth and Rises to Descend Again.

Ground a little below the surface is always warmer than the air over it. So long as the surface of the ground is above the dew point vapor must rise and pass from the earth into the air, says a scientific paper.

The moist air so formed will mingle with the air above it and its moisture will be condensed, forming dew wherever it comes in contact with a surface cooled below the dew point. In fact, dew rises from the ground.

Place some metal trays over the grass, the soil and the road on dewy nights. You will generally find more moisture on the grass inside the trays than outside; you will always observe a deposit of dew inside the trays, even when there is none outside at all. This shows that far more vapor rises out of the ground during the night than condenses as dew on the grass and other objects.

Dew then rises from the ground. But how is the dew formed on bodies high up in the air?

Dew does not rise in particles, as it was once considered, to fall in particles like fine rain. It rises in vapor. Some is caught by what is on the surface of the earth, but the rest ascends in vapor form until it comes in contact with a much colder surface, to condense it into moisture.

The vapor does not flow upward in a uniform stream, but is mixed in the air by eddies and wind currents and carried to bodies far from where it rose. In fact, dew may be deposited, even though the country for many miles all around be dry and incapable of yielding any vapor to form that dew would depend on the evaporation of the dew and on what was wafted over by the winds.

ABOUT ULCERS.

Some Facts Regarding the Cause and Treatment of Annoying Sores.

An ulcer is a sore on the skin or mucous membrane in which the healing process is very slow or wholly at a standstill. It may be due to a number of causes, some constitutional, others local; but even when a local cause seems most evident, there is almost always some constitutional taint present as well. This may be consumption, diabetes, gout, and so forth, or merely a little impurity of the blood resulting from constipation or indigestion. Ulcers in the mouth, on the tongue, or at the union of the cheeks and gums, are very common and exceedingly annoying. They should be treated by frequent rinsing of the mouth with a solution of boric acid or borax, and can usually be prevented in great measure by reducing the sweets and starch food, such as bread, that enter into the diet, says Youth's Companion.

A common seat of ulcers is the shin. Sores occur here especially in the aged or those past middle life, and are commonly due to the presence of varicose veins. These are caused by pressure from tight garters, by congestive disorders of the liver and other abdominal organs, and by any occupations which require standing for many hours a day.

Ulcers of this kind are found more frequently on the left leg than on the right. They sometimes give little trouble, but may be exquisitely painful, and are often most rebellious to treatment, which must be both local and general, corresponding to the local and constitutional causes.

All disorders of the digestion must be corrected as far as possible, and the diet regulated. The food should be nourishing, but not stimulating, and all forms of alcoholic beverages are to be foregone. The patient should keep perfectly quiet, either in bed or with the leg supported on a chair.

The local treatment must be varied according to the necessities of each case. The sore must be kept clean by pouring over it twice a day a stream of boiled (not boiling) water, and in the intervals of washing it should be protected from the air. The leg must be kept snugly bandaged or encased in an elastic stocking, so as to prevent stagnation of the blood and distension of the veins.

A piece of silver foil applied smoothly over the surface of the ulcer and for a little distance beyond its edges, and kept in place by a bandage, often does good. Sometimes, when the extent of ulcerated surface is very large, skin-grafting is necessary in order to start the healing process.

THEY SEE HIS FINISH.
When the Great Duck Hunter Got Home He Must Have Had a

Duck hunting does not necessarily mean ducks. You may chase over thousands of acres of water, work yourselves far enough into the rushes to have lost Moses, scan the sky to the horizon, offer a sportsman's invocation, do all that can be done and yet get no ducks. This is especially true when you are having August weather in October and the birds see no reason why they should migrate southward until later in the year, says the Detroit Free Press.

With the opening of the season, the first day in the morning, a party of Detroiters, with the latest guns, the choicest ammunition, and all the rest of the necessities as well as the luxuries of a duck exterminating expedition, sailed gayly forth. With them was one man from the effete east. He could talk duck-shooting, duck-cooking and duck-eating faster than all the rest put together. He conveyed the idea that he always got ducks when he went after them, and that if any of them got away it was because of a precautionary care to keep out of range.

The man talked so much and so extravagantly that one or two of the nimble birds became suspicious. Two days failed to discover the game they were after, and then they took to the open in Lake St. Clair, and solemnly went to knocking down sea gulls at short range. They got a barrel of them, the easterner always shooting in company, so as to lay claim to results. It was no trouble to make him believe them ducks. He was glad to have them turned over to him as the "champion shot." They were packed in ice and shipped east, he taking the next train and keeping track of his goods by wire. Anybody can see his finish.

Stuffed Loin of Veal.
To stuff a loin of veal, pass six ounces of lean veal through a mincing machine with two ounces of fat bacon and pound the meat well; then add by degrees six ounces of panada, also pounded, season with salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg and add two raw eggs. Spread out on a board about five pounds of loin of veal, from which the bones and as much of the fat as possible have been removed. Cover the meat evenly with the farce, scatter the latter thickly with finely minced truffles and champignons and roll it up neatly, tying it in several places to keep it in shape. Roast the veal and baste it well until it is done; let it get cold, then remove the string and coat it thickly with rich brown glaze.—N. Y. Tribune.

Baked Sweet Potato Slices.
Peel and slice raw sweet potatoes enough to fill a quart pudding dish three-quarters full. Pour on them one cup of boiling water, one-half cup of sugar, small lump of butter and a little grated lemon peel. Bake in covered dish for 30 minutes, then take off cover and let them brown. Serve with small squares of buttered toast.—Boston Budget.

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Buy a watch made of steel, takes time, and is made at home. Buy a watch made of steel, takes time, and is made at home. Buy a watch made of steel, takes time, and is made at home.

Frankfort & Cincinnati Ry.
ELKHORN ROUTE.

LOCAL TIME CARD IN EFFECT
DECEMBER 9TH, 1898.

EAST BOUND.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Lve Frankfort a	7:00am	7:30am	8:00am	8:30am	9:00am
Lve Frankfort a	7:11am	7:41am	8:11am	8:41am	9:11am
Lve Frankfort a	7:22am	7:52am	8:22am	8:52am	9:22am
Lve Frankfort a	7:33am	8:03am	8:33am	9:03am	9:33am
Lve Frankfort a	7:44am	8:14am	8:44am	9:14am	9:44am
Lve Frankfort a	7:55am	8:25am	8:55am	9:25am	9:55am
Lve Frankfort a	8:06am	8:36am	9:06am	9:36am	10:06am
Lve Frankfort a	8:17am	8:47am	9:17am	9:47am	10:17am
Lve Frankfort a	8:28am	8:58am	9:28am	9:58am	10:28am
Lve Frankfort a	8:39am	9:09am	9:39am	10:09am	10:39am
Lve Frankfort a	8:50am	9:20am	9:50am	10:20am	10:50am
Lve Frankfort a	9:01am	9:31am	10:01am	10:31am	11:01am
Lve Frankfort a	9:12am	9:42am	10:12am	10:42am	11:12am
Lve Frankfort a	9:23am	9:53am	10:23am	10:53am	11:23am
Lve Frankfort a	9:34am	10:04am	10:34am	11:04am	11:34am
Lve Frankfort a	9:45am	10:15am	10:45am	11:15am	11:45am
Lve Frankfort a	9:56am	10:26am	10:56am	11:26am	11:56am
Lve Frankfort a	10:07am	10:37am	11:07am	11:37am	12:07pm
Lve Frankfort a	10:18am	10:48am	11:18am	11:48am	12:18pm
Lve Frankfort a	10:29am	10:59am	11:29am	11:59am	12:29pm
Lve Frankfort a	10:40am	11:10am	11:40am	12:10pm	12:40pm
Lve Frankfort a	10:51am	11:21am	11:51am	12:21pm	12:51pm
Lve Frankfort a	11:02am	11:32am	12:02pm	12:32pm	1:02pm
Lve Frankfort a	11:13am	11:43am	12:13pm	12:43pm	1:13pm
Lve Frankfort a	11:24am	11:54am	12:24pm	12:54pm	1:24pm
Lve Frankfort a	11:35am	12:05pm	12:35pm	1:05pm	1:35pm
Lve Frankfort a	11:46am	12:16pm	12:46pm	1:16pm	1:46pm
Lve Frankfort a	11:57am	12:27pm	12:57pm	1:27pm	1:57pm
Lve Frankfort a	12:08pm	12:38pm	1:08pm	1:38pm	2:08pm
Lve Frankfort a	12:19pm	12:49pm	1:19pm	1:49pm	2:19pm
Lve Frankfort a	12:30pm	1:00pm	1:30pm	2:00pm	2:30pm
Lve Frankfort a	12:41pm	1:11pm	1:41pm	2:11pm	2:41pm
Lve Frankfort a	12:52pm	1:22pm	1:52pm	2:22pm	2:52pm
Lve Frankfort a	1:03pm	1:33pm	2:03pm	2:33pm	3:03pm
Lve Frankfort a	1:14pm	1:44pm	2:14pm	2:44pm	3:14pm
Lve Frankfort a	1:25pm	1:55pm	2:25pm	2:55pm	3:25pm
Lve Frankfort a	1:36pm	2:06pm	2:36pm	3:06pm	3:36pm
Lve Frankfort a	1:47pm	2:17pm	2:47pm	3:17pm	3:47pm
Lve Frankfort a					